

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

If one could match you; the Scimmures of their nation  
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you opposd them; sir this report of his  
Did Hamlet so enuenuom with his enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* Laertes was your father deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,  
A face without a hart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,  
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it;  
There liues within the very flame of loue  
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,  
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,  
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,  
And hath abatements and delayes as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are acedents,  
And then this should is like a spend thirsts sigh,  
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th' vicer,  
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake  
To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his thraot i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,  
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good Laertes  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,  
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,  
Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together  
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing.

Will

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword vnbad, and in a pace of practise  
Requite him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doo't,  
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.  
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck  
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all simples that haue vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death  
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

*King.* Lets further thinke of this.  
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,  
Should haue a back or second that might hold  
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,  
Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunnings,  
I hate, when in your motion you are hore and dry,  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him  
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

*Enter Queene.*

*Quee.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd, o where?

*Quee.* There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,  
That shoues his horry leaues in the glassy streame,  
Therewith fantastique garlands did the make  
Of Crowflowes, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples  
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,  
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.  
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M.

Clambring